20c JANUARY 28, 1952

New Republic

THOUGHTS ON THE WELFARE STATE

" . . . Communism has never been a main issue. The main issue of today is surely the struggle for or against the Welfare State. . . . "

by T. R. FYVEL

JAPAN: POINT OF NO RETURN?

" . . . the evidence is growing of moves to eliminate, revise or ignore basic democratic reforms . . . effected in Japan in postwar years. . . . "

by HUGH H. SMYTHE

AMERICAN CULTURE IN BRITAIN

" . . . It is American toughness, breeziness, cocksureness and violence that they admire. . . . "

by DAVID DAICHES

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Letters

"Measure of Difference"

● I find the chart "Measure of Difference" (*NR*, Dec. 3) comparing the Eastern and Western disarmament plans a most useful tabulation. The undertaking is full of difficulty. Taken at their face value, the Soviet proposals have come part way toward the disarmament proposals of the three powers.

"Disclosure by stages" as well as disarmament by stages is a thorny question. Due to our quite justified distrust of Soviet disclosures and of the continuing existence of the Iron Curtain, it seems practically necessary to proceed by stages.

The prime necessity in my mind is to keep a continuous support of the project for final and complete disarmament before the peoples of the world. It is not sufficient to refer the project to a committee as has been done, and as should be done, if it is to rest there unhonored and unsung until the next session of the Assembly. During the elapsed year the support of the peoples of the earth should be drawn more and more strongly and intelligently toward the main purposes of the proposal.

Such activities should stiffen the support that our State Department is giving the undertaking as well as help to promote the ideas, particularly among the neutral nations and to the extent possible behind the Iron Curtain.

This is one of our opportunities to seize the moral leadership of the world which we are now neglecting in favor of being one party to an old-fashioned race for world power.

SEN. RALPH E. FLANDERS
Washington, D. C.

Catholics and Liberalism

● I am at a loss to understand why you printed such an irrational piece as Vincent Giese's discussion of a Catholic view of liberalism. (*NR*, Jan. 7).

It would seem the very opposite of liberalism to suppose that any program of social ethics and justice not based on a specific religious dogma can have no enduring validity. By Mr. Giese's definition, Jews, Buddhists, and all non-religious people generally cannot be effective fighters against inflation, McCarthyism, "Florida justice," lack of health insurance, inadequate living standards and the many other social inequities of our time. Such a notion would be simply outrageous were it not so patently absurd.

Somebody should enlighten Mr. Giese that dogma, of either Left or Right, is the antithesis of liberalism, and that anyone who allows dogma to dominate all his thinking and actions—in non-religious matters—cannot be an effective liberal.

New York City DANIEL KRUPP BRADLEY

The 1952 Campaign

● Like many others I was dubious about the idea of forming a new party since no third party has ever (except possibly Theodore Roosevelt's Progressives in 1912) had more than the barest chance of electing a President. More than once, however, as one of the major parties has weakened a new party has arisen. For example, the decline of the Federalists, the subsequent division of the remaining Republicans into Democratic Republicans (later Democrats) and National Republicans (Whigs), the decline of the Whigs, and the founding of the then "radical" Republican Party whose membership was filled largely by Whigs. . . .

Also in New York's last election Rudolph Halley was elected President of the City Council by 657,000 votes, 581,000 of which were cast on the Liberal line. Despite the "powerful" Democratic machine and a combined effort of both Republican and Democratic leaders to beat Halley.

Many American voters, dissatisfied by scandals in our present Administration and the mediocrity of many of its present leaders, who nevertheless do not ascribe to the tenets of the Republican Party, would welcome a new anti-Communist Liberal Party. A Presidential candidate nominated by such an organization, a capable candidate of liberal, progressive views, might have a very good chance of winning the Presidency.

A logical candidate might be Justice William O. Douglas. Support for the new party could be derived from Americans for Democratic Action, labor and liberal, independent Democrats and Republicans but mostly from voters who are angered by corruption.

There is little remaining time to organize a new party, to formulate a platform, to choose a candidate, and most important, to secure enough signatures on a petition to place the party on a ballot. Still, the idea of a new political party should be considered. There is little chance that any of the candidates proposed by your readers in recent issues will be nominated by either major parties.

San Francisco, Calif. KATHLEEN WATERS

● Harold (the Egotist) Stassen, by throwing his hat into the ring will allow Governor Warren a better chance to capture the Republican nomination in case of a deadlock. Warren's chances will even become better in case Ike finally is coaxed into running.

The Democrats may have a secret weapon but they had better uncover it soon, or simply concede in November, 1952, and suffer the death gasp of a once great political party.

Oakland, Calif. TOM KENDALL

● Despite the fact that I admire and respect General Eisenhower as a great American I am forced to express my dissent as to his desirability as President of these United States. This dissent follows from my belief that domestic policy and not foreign policy will be the dominant issue in 1952. The American people do not believe there will be any great debate over foreign policy in 1952, for they know that the Republicans would do exactly what the Democrats are now doing only they will spend less in doing it. Despite the rantings of the Republicans over the Truman foreign policy, they have offered no alternatives, really, and therefore, what will be the debate?

Therefore, the American people will ask themselves who will be best for them at home. The issue of bread and butter is important to the American political scene, and I believe far more so than any course

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Smoke Screen

Most of the other speakers concentrated on the evils of tobacco and the "heartless corporations" which are foisting cigarets on the unsuspecting public as a means of getting control of the country. – *From the Los Angeles* Daily News.

The Lower Criticism

"They [American strip-tease dancers] snap and jerk too much," Samia Gamal said. "The body dance should be like pulling taffy, all silk and no bumps." – *From the Houston, Tex.,* Post.

Too Good for This World

I've never met the man [Senator McCarthy], and don't have to, in order to know that if he has any faults at all they are: (1) too delicate and fine a sense of fair play; (2) an honesty and integrity of purpose so great that he will allow foul blows to be struck at him time after time without protest. – *Burton Rascoe, in a letter to the* Freeman.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

IT WILL BE our grim duty in weeks to come to record the progress of Eisenhower's descent from national hero to partisan politician. Many political innocents won't be aware for another couple of months that this process is inevitable if Ike is to get nominated, for he won't get it by acclamation. Already GOP newspapers are urging ruthless Taft forces for God's sake to go easy—they are destroying the party! What they don't understand is the passionate fervor of Taft leaders. The leaders' mood comes from Taft himself: he has the moral strength of absolute certainty that he is right. He is peddling a brand of salvation, and the mood of his saints is one of consecration. They are elderly, upper-bracket Republicans who deplore liberal deviationists and have a big hold on party machinery. They are not going to tolerate any five-star interloper. Another five-star hero, General MacArthur, will get to work on Ike shortly in Taft's interest. The most urgent kind of pressure is being put on Ike to come home and fulfill tentative speech appointments like that in Philadelphia, mentioned in this space last week. He is soon going to be cruelly told that if he doesn't, he can't win. We rather pity Ike because he is a nice chap, naïve in politics, and suffering badly as he now finds out the facts of life. We rather guess that he will come home.

Somebody last week said that Churchill's speech to Congress may not have been his greatest, but it was the best Congress has heard since he was last here. Deep down in everybody's heart was the feeling that this was the kind of thing Congress itself might have if it only would. The immeasurable uplift that would come to American public life under a parliamentary system of united powers where the party leader stands in the well of the legislature, facing a responsible opposition, is self-evident. In the House of Commons it is forbidden to read from a prepared text except by special permission. There are not five men in Congress today who would dare to review, officially, the worlds delicate problems without a prepared advance text, as Churchill did. So confident was the Associated Press that it would get the inevitable prepared text an hour after the speech started that when no text appeared, the New York office was frantically trying to get a recording, not having bothered to transcribe the speech itself. Winnie spoke from a sheaf of notes. It was the spontaniety that made all the difference. (We smiled at one point, when he praised Vandenberg's bipartisan foreign policy, at Taft's dainty finger-tip applause below.)

Next day the elderly, cherubic Prime Minister spoke at an off-the-record press lunch before an immense throng. The audience rose and cheered as he entered, the band boomed, and the official party moved down the cleared aisle. Just across from us a dashing young lady from *Newsweek* had dropped her napkin in rising. What a gesture for him in this moment of adulation to pick it up; the actor in him found it irresistible. It was a bad 10 seconds for his jittery entourage as the smiling Winnie somehow creased his roly-poly body—one anxious attendant started a dive of his own. But Winnie—with the courtliness of a Marlborough—retrieved the miserable hotel drape. What an air! Bless us if we didn't see—as he passed—the gartered shade of Sir Walter Raleigh in the crowd, waving his plumed hat on sword point and shouting in the tumult, " 'Swounds and oddsbodkins'; Good show, old boy, good show!"

Truman gave a budget preview to the press last Saturday in the auditorium of the State Department. This was a good show, too, in its quiet way. The blue curtains on the stage behind framed six

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enormous charts. Truman and his fiscal staff sat in front. Few people really know how well Truman knows his budget. We noticed again as he read some of the passages how his impaired vision through the thick lenses makes for jerky delivery. He replied confidently and readily to almost all of the immensely technical questions put to him. He knew his stuff and in a boyish fashion was showing off. He was relaxed. Truman is at his best at moments like this.

Christmas before last the White House staff gave Truman a set of the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Truman loves to read this kind of book, and he had the analogy of Gen. Winfield Scott all ready when MacArthur first returned to America. (Scott, you remember, was the General who made a flop of politics 100 years ago.) Truman had the page all turned down on Scott when the spotlight changed to Eisenhower recently, and he gave the press his oblique comments on the candidacy through the use of this illustration. We have little doubt that Truman has read the chapters in the same work on John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson, too: two Presidents who found vindication and satisfaction in election to Congress after troublesome times in the White House.

The Senate GOP leaders are promoting the two anti-McCarthy Republicans out of the Gillette subcommittee investigating anti-McCarthy charges. It is stacking the jury" with two pro-McCarthy Senators—Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.) and Herman Welker (R, Ida.). Welker's approach is indicated by his comment that the phony composite photograph in the Maryland campaign of 1950, smearing Tydings with Communism, was "pretty clever." What all this amounts to is that the GOP is once more rallying behind McCarthy.

Notes: Kefauver is going to run irrespective of Truman's decision. . . . Increasing Democratic attention is going to Adlai Stevenson as a Presidential possibility. . . . Congress won't enact the tax increases Truman asked; but it might plug a few loopholes that give favored interests billions.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

of China policy, rearmament woes, etc. Americans are interested in what is good for them, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans have done much to blind us as to what ultimately is best for us. What is good for Americans in the eyes of our people is an issue of domestic policy, not foreign policy.

General Eisenhower, we all know, has failed to understand what the American people want in a domestic policy. For almost 20 years American voters have manifested their approval of New Deal-Fair Deal policies, yet Eisenhower fears that adherence to those ideals will drown us in a sea of security. Unless Eisenhower changes his tune, and there is no indication that he will, the debate on domestic policy in 1952 will create the innuendo that will defeat Eisenhower, as it did Dewey, namely, that he is in the camp of big business.

The crowning paradox is that Eisenhower has so quickly caught the underlying feelings and basic needs of Europeans as to their domestic policies, yet has failed to sense the thoughts of his own people concerning domestic affairs although they have made them clear for the past 20 years.

Roxbury, Mass. ALAN A. BERMAN

Catholics and Birth Control

● I have no desire to prolong a discussion in these pages, but J. M. Martinez' letter (*NR*, Dec. 24), must certainly be challenged. It seems doubtful that Mr. Martinez read my original letter.

Two points will illustrate. Mr. Martinez' letter contains this quote, which we are to assume came from my letter: the [Catholic] Church has never compromised, never changed in 2,000 years." You will look in vain for that quotation in my letter. What I did say is this: " . . . 2,000 years of Church history will show that the Catholic Church *has never compromised its defense of the laws of nature* (the Natural Law) *and of the revealed truths of God* in the name of (what the *NR* had called) 'the advance of civilization'." (Italics added). It should be plain that I did not say the Church "has never compromised or never changed."

Of course the Church has changed and modified its position with respect to many things in the temporal order. The great advance made by the physical sciences has made certain modifications necessary. But, as St. Thomas wrote, anything that the physical sciences can prove, cannot, by their very nature, be contrary to the Natural Law or contrary to Divine Revelation. And it is its defense of the Natural Law and the revealed Truths of God from which the Church has never wavered. This distinction is of profound importance and I am sorry Mr. Martinez apparently missed it.

For example, it isn't too difficult to see the distinction between the Church's condemnation of "birth control" by the use of contraceptives, which is a direct violation of the Natural Law, and the Church's position which asks, in effect, for a *modicum of self control* so that the Natural Law will not be violated.

My last point is this. Mr. Martinez says, " . . . if survival is proof of divinity," etc., etc.; but who said it was? I certainly didn't. Mere survival is not necessarily proof of anything. What I did say, and once again I am sorry Mr. Martinez missed the point, is that "The Catholic Church has survived because of two fundamental truths, the Divinity of Jesus, and the Divine origin of its commission 'to go forth and teach all nations'."

Hyattsville, Md. GILBERT L. ODDO

Curmudgeon's Ten

● The article by Harold L. Ickes "Precept—Then the Ax" (*NR*, Dec. 24) should be printed in bold letters, framed and hung in every administration office in Washington. We have the Lord's Prayer in our house, but the entrepreneurs of our country need something stronger.

I notice that Ickes lists 10 items. Why not make them "The Curmudgeon's Ten Commandments?" We certainly need a few Curmudgeons to take the place of a few of our Respectables.

Balboa, Calif. J. H. STEWART

War-Mongers?

● Your critical attitude toward the isolationists, however reprehensible isolationism may be from another point of view, indicates that your leanings are toward the war-mongers.

These mongers of intervention apparently cannot see, or foresee, that after another world war, isolationism or anti-isolationism no longer will exist. The existing contentious system will have been dismissed.

Two world wars of the past should have taught the mongers a lesson, if they can be taught a lesson. From history we know that the ruling classes of all time could learn nothing from the record of the past. But this does not matter. The future takes a course of its own.

Cleveland Heights, O. JOSEPH MANLET

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VOLUME 126, NUMBER 4, ISSUE 1939, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 28, 1952 **New Republic**

CHURCHILL RECOGNIZES THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

WINSTON CHURCHILL made a good show of it. His visit helped in many little ways. It showed the American people a familiar figure who represents the Atlantic alliance more strikingly than the confusing collection of NATO boards and SHAPE divisions. He made the Administration's task of raising foreign-aid appropriations a little less difficult. He reassured the frugal that our allies would not expect to be permanently supported by Congress. Finally he gave naval command of the Atlantic to an American admiral with headquarters in Virginia, and made a few crucial deals in raw materials which will prevent unnecessary industrial waste in Detroit and Birmingham.

The Churchill tour was really more that of a business executive than of a world statesman. "I have come here to ask not for gold but for steel;" he said, "not for favors but for equipment." It is not an accident that this phrase of his was most widely quoted. His conferences with Truman resembled those of an interim accounts meeting between the chairmen of two interlocking corporations. His report to Congress was an explanation of his company's financial standing and an apology for its lack of fluidity. His words to the American people were directed to the interested stockholders of a sister company asking them not to be too much disappointed by the debits in the year-end statement.

It is because he was on the defensive as a businessman that Churchill was not at his best as a statesman. His love, the British Empire, is continuing on its downward path in economic and political power. All Churchill could say in amelioration was to repeat what he had said on the subject in 1946: "Let no one underrate the abiding power of the British Commonwealth and Empire. . . ." But the cold fact is that everywhere—in Egypt, in Iran, in Malaya—those who less than 10 years ago were still in awe of it, are now openly rating British power far below the Churchill evaluation.

It was with not a little nostalgia that Churchill recalled the desperate days of 10 years ago. For then—no matter how London burned—Britain was an equal and a leader. British troops fought bitter and successful battles in Libya while American boys were being trained in Kansas. Today British troops are fighting inglorious guerrilla battles all over the world, and Churchill has had to ask for a small US force to help the British to hold the Suez Canal. And not too far hence, he knows, he may have to ask for GIs to be sent to help out in Malaya. In noting the changes that had occurred during the past 10 years, Churchill could not help but reflect on what the next 10 years will bring—and the unlikelihood of their showing too well on the aging mask of the empire over whose dissolution he had sworn not to preside.

To Churchill it was vitally necessary to prevent a repetition of the disagreements that split US and British policies in Iran. To bind the US to Britain, he went part way—it is impossible to say yet how far—in binding Britain still further to the US. Instead of forging for Britain a more independent role than Attlee had managed to uphold, Churchill went out of his way to sustain American policies which Britain has steadfastly opposed. Specifically, he thanked the US for protecting Formosa from the Chinese Government recognized by Britain, and seemed to give unqualified endorsement to the offensive plans US strategists are developing for Korea.

This implied acquiescence in the less fruitful parts of American-Far Eastern policy has already raised a political storm in London. Many of his countrymen feel that Churchill has gone way off base in giving practically blank-check approval of American policy in an area where it has been dangerously haphazard. These critics are not assuaged by the fact that the US Air Force is currently pressing for permission to bomb Chinese ports. Churchill may answer that this permission has been so far denied by the US Joint Chiefs of Staff. But that is not likely to reassure his listeners, who will recognize that British influence in the question of peace or war has been yet further reduced. How much good will it do us, they may ask, to control the atom-bomb flights out of East Anglia?

The fact of the matter is that contrary to what he said about British staying power, Churchill has recognized the complete supremacy of the new American empire. For better or worse, all crucial decisions will from now on be made by Americans—whether in Washington, Paris or Tokyo. Those of us who had hoped that we would be able to share that terrible responsibility with Churchill, or with anyone, must recognize that this cannot be done. Washington, as Churchill left it, was more than ever the absolute capital of the non-Communist world.

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THE DEMOCRAT'S DILEMMA

As Republican politicians return home from the smoke-filled rooms of San Francisco and the battle of Taft versus Eisenhower, the Democratic leaders of 15 Midwestern states are traveling toward Kansas City for a smoke-filled conference on party problems of their own. The prevalent impression among them is that President Truman does not intend to run again. The news has also spread that Chief Justice Fred Vinson, reputedly the man Truman would most like to have succeed him, has decided not to leave the relative peace and security of the Supreme Court.

Presumably, therefore, for the first time in many years, the Democratic door is well ajar, if not wide open. Under the circumstances, it is safe to predict that the Kansas City conference will be well attended by Democrats eager to get their ears as close to the grass roots as possible.

If President Truman does decide to stay out of the race, 1952 could be a healthy year for the Democratic Party. The report that Truman told a leading contender for his seat that the Democratic Party needs new blood and welcomed him to enter the Presidential race has already had good results. Other "young Democrats" besides Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, to whom Truman's words were spoken, have been encouraged to let their ambitions soar.

Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut quickly took the cue in announcing that he was considering allowing his name to be entered in the preferential primary in Illinois. Sen. Hubert Humphrey has been discussed as a possible choice of the Wisconsin delegation to the Democratic National Convention as well as a favorite-son candidate of his own state of Minnesota.

Friends of Adlai Stevenson, the outstandingly able Democratic governor of Illinois, are beginning to boom him for President, if Truman does not run. The story has even been printed by so responsible a reporter as Marquis Childs that Stevenson is in fact Truman's personal choice to succeed him. This conclusion is based in part on the fact that the Democratic National Committeeman for Missouri, John J. Nangle has announced that Truman is entitled to choose to run for the Senate again rather than to succeed himself in the White House and that he, Nangle, thinks Adlai Stevenson would be a good choice for the Democrats, in that event.

It seems doubtful that Truman has settled on Stevenson in his own mind and is pursuing the trial-balloon tactics ascribed to him, but it is known that he thinks highly of Stevenson's ability and would surely think of him as among the leading "young Democrats" in the nation. Regardless of this, the political rumblings from Illinois indicate that if Truman does not run, Stevenson will. Senator Kefauver intends to make a formal announcement of his candidacy within another week. As the campaign for the Democratic nomination develops, therefore, Kefauver and Stevenson will almost certainly emerge as the strongest candidates in the New Deal and Fair Deal tradition. On the record, their stands with regard to most major issues are very similar.

Kefauver begins his race with the tremendous advantage, in the eyes of professional politicians, of a multi-million dollar television build-up and the reputation, gained through his Crime Investigating Committee, to offset the damaging charges of corruption in the record of the Truman Administration. Stevenson backers point out that their candidate, too, has a record of effective opposition to crime. He has cleaned up after the notorious Green machine, rooted out corruption in the State Police and wiped out the slot-machine rackets. Stevenson's anti-discrimination actions and his veto of the vicious Broyles bill, the worst measure for the limitation of civil rights yet offered in the United States, will recommend him to minority groups who are suspicious of Kefauver's Southern origin. As a pioneer in the United Nations organization, Stevenson will be attractive to strong internationalists. Those promoting him emphasize the stature an an independent vote-getter which his election to the governorship by a 500,000 majority gives him, as an answer to Kefauver's vaunted popularity.

The emergence of the two determined Democratic candidates of such quality should be helpful in discouraging the defeatism in the party displayed by mention of such unacceptable men as Speaker Sam Rayburn and the Oklahoma oil man, Sen. Robert S. Kerr, as "compromise" choices.

More importantly, active campaigning by Kefauver and Stevenson will doubtless bring about the entrance of numbers of young and vigorous candidates for Congress and local and state offices who until now have been doubting the wisdom of making the try this year. One great strength of the Democratic Party under Franklin D. Roosevelt lay in its appeal to young voters. Fresh faces on local Democratic tickets could begin to re-attract that kind of support.

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THE WEEK

ATOMS FOR BRITAIN?

The curtain of secrecy that has been dropped around American atomic-energy development may possibly be lifted slightly as a result of the agreement worked out between Gordon Dean, chairman of the US Atomic Energy Commission and Lord Cherwell, Winston Churchill's scientific adviser, which set up a joint US-British scientists' committee to prepare the way for informational exchange. But the AEC is insisting that the British make specific commitments about what sort of information they will trade, so that its officials can prove to Congress that the deal will be "substantially beneficial to the US."

Remembering the clamor set off by the Klaus Fuchs case, US atomic-energy officials will be facing their British counterparts not as partners, but as one of two groups of bargainers. But their fight will only have begun when they reach a successful collective agreement with the British. For under the Atomic Energy Act, Congress, the Pentagon and almost every government agency has veto power over even the simplest exchange of mimeographed research notes.

BANANAS AND POLITICS

A drag-out fight between Guatemala and the United Fruit Company has for some time threatened to curtail America's banana supply. The conflict arose over United Fruit's refusal last year to grant wage increases to its plantation employees or to submit the resulting deadlock to arbitration. The situation was worsened last September when a hurricane seriously damaged the West Coast plantations. In view of its difficulties with the union, United Fruit decided that in fairness to its investors it could not restore the plantations pending a settlement. In the meanwhile it has laid off thousands of workers, and has refused to honor the Guatemalan court's decision that it owes them back pay.

Guatemala's Communists have been using the conflict as a take-off for a bitter anti-American campaign. But even the less doctrinaire unionists have allowed their xenophobia to lead them too far. For an example, the union demanded that United Fruit put a full railroad train at the disposal of its organizers. Another point in its demands would obligate the company to pay a fired employee severance pay equal to all his past earnings. To these demands, United Fruit is replying with the economic tactics it has perfected during many years. It has recently sharply curtailed ship traffic to Guatemala and is depending on the Guatemalans' need for dollars to make them more reasonable. Some time soon, it expects, they will be willing to sign a new three-year contract which will give the company the right to fire on 30 days' notice.

INTERRACIAL LUNCHEON

Last year on February 19, the Hecht Company, one of the largest department stores in Washington, D. C., ran a full-page advertisement, stressing the need for equal treatment for all Americans, timed to coincide with Brotherhood Week. Soon after the ad appeared, a small delegation of Negro and white citizens in the nation's capital called on Hecht Company officials to ask them to practice what they preached at the lunch counter in the store where only white shoppers were permitted to eat.

When the store continued to refuse luncheon service to Negroes, a Committee for the Enforcement of the D.C. Anti-Discrimination Laws, along with about 100 civic, labor and church groups in the city, instituted a boycott against the store. On July 20, the boycott was reinforced by picket lines which marched in front of the store three times a week, calling customers' attention to Hecht's segregated policy. After six months of picketing, the organizations finally won. Last week, the Hecht Company changed its policy. Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, an outstanding Negro educator held an interracial luncheon party at the store. She announced that the Committee will continue its efforts to persuade downtown eating places to serve everyone. The Committee has succeeded in ending segregation at more than 40 downtown restaurants and department and dime store lunch counters.

BIG vs. LITTLE OIL

A curtain of government "security" regulations is shrouding one of the most crucial economic battles of the decade, the fight between one group of American oil companies which have sunk their dollars into domestic fields and another which is spending huge amounts in tapping the oil reserves of Latin America and the Middle East. The charge of "cartel" has now again been hurled at the big overseas companies, this time by Elmer Patman, a representative of two Congressional Small Business Committees, who attended the first postwar meeting of the World Petroleum Congress held recently in The Hague.

The big producers meeting at The Hague were much concerned about a possible shrinking of oil markets in case of a rearmament drop-off and, according to Patman's report, are laying the groundwork for a strengthened cartel arrangement which will preserve profits even if sales should drop off. Part of this campaign will be a propaganda drive to convince American opinion that the US should not impoverish its own limited resources but should depend on the "untold" reserves of the Middle East. The domestic producers, who are profitably tapping US wells for oil which they claim is by no means that limited, are up in arms to protect their market.

The current battleground between the two groups is the US-Venezuelan

Harold L. Ickes' column has been temporarily interrupted because of his illness. We hope that it will be resumed in the near future.

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trade agreement, whose tariff and quota provisions now govern US oil imports from that important producing area. The domestic producers would like to preserve or raise the tariff; the foreign producers would like to lower or eliminate the quotas. Both sides are armed to the teeth with statistics to prove that American welfare and security is tied up with their policies.

Meanwhile the public is being prevented from seeing the whole picture because government officials have been withholding the most vital information. The Federal Trade Commission, allegedly the stalwart protector of the consumer, will let no one see its long-heralded report on the international oil cartel. It is supposedly being kept secret on grounds of "security," but insiders say that Administration officials are mostly afraid of or unwilling to offend the big international oil companies, many of whose officials are high in the defense-mobilization hierarchy.

McCARTHY'S LOYALTY LEAGUE

The conservative lawyers who sit on the Federal Loyalty Review Board may think they are doing a conscientious job in sifting politically suspicious individuals out of the government, but to Bloodhound Joe McCarthy they are merely useful tools. Scrap by scrap, McCarthy has been releasing excerpts of their highly secret meetings and correspondence which fit into his smear campaign. With Board Chairman Hiram Bingham standing helplessly by, McCarthy has been feeding out selected and slanted remarks by Board members supposedly made in private. His campaign began two weeks ago, when he gave the wire-service correspondents transcripts of a Board meeting held last February.

The three wire services immediately ran fairly brief stories centering about a few of the remarks picked from the minutes. One Board member, Garrett Hoag, a Boston lawyer, was quoted as having denounced State Department loyalty procedure as "completely ineffective."

Washington was immediately thrown into a dither. Bingham said he couldn't imagine who, besides the 26 Board members, could have handed the papers on. John Stewart Service's lawyer cited the new testimony as proof that the Board was primarily seeking "large numbers of dismissals" and appealed to the President to overrule its decision in the Service case. The State Department, the Civil Service Commission, newspaper writers tried frantically to find out more about the documents and how they had come into McCarthy's hands.

The furor aroused was more than the wire services had apparently expected when they published the story. The three copies of the transcript, only parts of which had been cited in the stories, lay heavy on their hands. One wire-service correspondent said her copy had been lost. Another said he'd given his to his bureau chief who said that he didn't see what all the fuss was about, but that under the circumstances he wasn't letting anybody look at it.

McCarthy was less cautious. Speaking in the Senate on January 15, he read the parts of the document which the wire services had not run. He reviewed a Board discussion dealing with "the information about Service having lived with a Soviet espionage agent for two years." To little avail did Service subsequently deny this. For McCarthy was already making other headlines. He said he had "been assured by two members of the Board" that the Board would have fired Philip Jessup had it had a chance to.

And in another few minutes he was reading secret correspondence concerning the clearance of David Lloyd, one of President Truman's administrative assistants. The letters meant little, but the context in which they were read made them seem ominous. Rambling gloatingly on from one fragment of stolen documents to another, McCarthy remarked: "I may say that as we read the minutes we cannot help developing considerable respect for some of the members of the Board; as to others this is not so." His inference was pretty clear. The loyalty judges had better watch out how they vote and speak, lest the omnipotent and all-hearing Joe McCarthy become aroused enough to accuse *them* of Communist sympathies.

REFLOATING THE ARMADA

Franco's minions just can't get over their triumph that the State Department has at last seen the light and will soon admit Spain to the benefits of the Mutual Security Program. His inspired propagandists have grown almost poetic in their peans of praise. What Captain Kurt Carlsen did for the *Flying Enterprise*, they say, Franco has done for Spain, only better. For while Carlsen was not able to save his ship, "Franco refloated his, and it is now sailing more bravely than ever through the stormy and dangerous seas of international politics." Franco is being pictured as the Grand Admiral of a mighty Spanish armada, who is receiving just tribute. "Spain, with her flag flying high on her topmast," sings Jose Ramon Alonso, a contemporary Fascist bard, "is today being visited even by those who a few years ago advised and even demanded the abandonment and desertion of Franco."

The Spaniards are taking their new responsibilities seriously. Franco in a year-end speech, berated the world for enjoying "a cowardly peace" and declared that Fascism has been vindicated by history. "The triumph of the policy of our state," he said, "testifies to our regime's strength and competence. Visitors to Spain have understood the truth about Spain and proclaimed it at home. . . . Internationally, Spain's conduct has been noble and trustworthy. Our stand on Communism has been justified by the course of years."

Scorning rumors that his government might turn more democratic, Franco defiantly repeated the Fascist slogan: "Duty is greater than rights." Nor is Madrid satisfied to prate about its own bravery. In a special broadcast to America, Radio Madrid recently roundly scolded the US and the four airmen involved in the Hungarian incident for "lack of boldness." Madrid condemned the airmen for cowardice, because "not one of them has protested at the idea of being ransomed." Their lack of backbone was blamed in part on the "too-bourgeois attitude of the airmen's families, which would be inconceivable in a country of . . . Spartan mentality." But, sighed Franco's prop-

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agandist, this attitude seems all too prevalent in the US, for "the country is too much used to an easy life . . . and to listening to sentimental invocations."

Despite the bravado, Franco's speech showed that he is still not entirely happy and still pines as much as ever for world recognition. "Although the world admits the importance of the Russian revolution as the beginning of a historic experiment," he whined, "it still refuses to accept the nobility and greatness of the Spanish crusade. It prefers to class our national revolution, along with uprisings and dictatorships, passing political experiments. . . ." His words make clear that all the Pentagon's colonels can't give Franco permanent security.

AIR-BORNE SHEEP

Meat-starved Israelis, without meat rations for two months, got a promissory note for succulent lamb chops the other day when the Ministry of Agriculture announced that it would soon start air-lifting sheep into the country from Australia. Australian National Airways planes will soon be landing at Tel Aviv with cargoes of 100 live sheep which will have been given a special three-week diet to withstand the 55-hour flight. They will be put to graze on grass-lands in the Negev, the arid Southern area. In contrast to Israel's present sheep population of 40,000 which are kept mainly for milk, the Australian flock will pay off handsomely in meat and wool. It is expected that 10 plane loads will soon be producing five tons of wool and 800 lambs for meat every year.

The novel scheme grew out of the brainstorm of an Australian sheep-breeder who was struck by the quantity of unused grazing land while driving through the country with his Israeli-born wife. He got government backing for his import project. But then the Egyptian blockade of the Suez Canal prevented the sheep's travel by sea. That's when the novel air-lift was arranged for. Instead of stewardesses, the sheep will be watched over by Australian shepherds, 20 of whom have volunteered to see their charges happily resettled. Eventually, Israelis hope the sheep can give rise to a thriving industry. A flock of half a million could produce $12 million worth of wool a year, quite a boon for the struggling Israeli economy.

ANOTHER SETBACK

NASHVILLE, TENN. (NR Corresp.)

Thanks to a clever legal maneuver which snatched a test case on its racial segregation laws from the hands of the Supreme Court, Tennessee has gained a breathing space in which to hasten the construction of "equal but separate" school facilities for its Negroes.

Last spring US District Judge Robert L. Taylor ordered the University of Tennessee to admit four Negro applicants to its graduate and law schools on the ground that the state did not provide equal facilities for them elsewhere. The case was taken to the Supreme Court where the applicants pressed for a test of Tennessee's constitutional ban against unsegregated schools, charging that separation itself means inequality. Meanwhile, the state raised the state-supported Negro school, A. & I. College of Nashville, to university status and announced that the policy would be to make it the equal of the University of Tennessee.

On January 10, when the appeal of the four Negroes was being heard in Washington, John J. Hooker, attorney for the state university, interrupted proceedings to tell the justices, "I am authorized to say that the university is willing to admit these Negroes at any time." Whereupon Chief Justice Vinson halted arguments and tossed the case out of court. Such an abrupt action has happened few times in the high-court's history. It is customary to allow the attorneys to complete their arguments and then render a decision or ruling after the case has been taken under advisement.

Attorneys for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which handled the appeal, were disappointed over the outcome, but insisted that an important gain had been made in the admission to the state university previously closed to qualified Negro students. The university executive committee has moved to consider immediate admission of one of the four, Gene Gray, a Knoxville hotel employee. However, supporters of segregation expressed the belief that sufficient time had been gained by the Washington maneuver to complete new lines for defense of segregation in the state. A full-fledged graduate-study program will be under way at A. & I. within two years. Provision is made for Negro medical students at Meharry Medical College, a private Negro institution at Nashville, through state contributions. Unless anti-segregationists begin an immediate attack on the Tennessee law, this pattern of segregation may be cemented for years to come.

MAGIC SOIL SAVER

A new chemical that acts as a magic rejuvenator for soil has been announced by the Monsanto Chemical Company. If it lives up to the claims made for it, which are based on several years of experimentation, it may prove one of the most important developments in the history of agriculture.

The new substance, which Monsanto has named Krilium, is a synthetic made from polyacrylonitrile, which is used as the base for plastic fibers. Mixed in small quantities with soil, it separates the earth into lumps about the size of a pea, with plenty of space between them for air and water. Even clayey soil treated in this way, does not pack, cake or crack. It absorbs water like a sponge and retains it for long periods; run-off and the erosion which it causes are therefore very greatly reduced.

Krilium does not, of course, contain any plant food; on the other hand, it does not injure the soil bacteria which perform the vital task of taking nitrogen from the air and making it available to plants, nor is it harmed by them. Dr. C. A. Hochwalt of Monsanto estimates that Krilium is from a hundred to a thousand times more efficient than humus, compost or manure, all of which have to be replaced at frequent intervals. When it is commercially available, in another year or so, enough to cover one acre will cost about $120, and a single treatment will last at least several years, and perhaps much longer.

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Outside America

NEO-FASCISM IN EUROPE

European democrats (with a small d) expect General Eisenhower to become the next Republican (with a big R) President of the United States. They view that prospect with mixed feelings. For, whatever the General may be or become for his countrymen, he has certainly been for Europeans both a symbol and a force for a kind of unifying that links the preservation of free institutions with the democratic process. And there is doubt whether any possible successor can do that.

A comment on the relation between freedom and democracy, published just over a century ago by the London *Times*, suggests the nature of the problem Eisenhower will leave behind him, if he goes back home to run for the Presidency. The comment was made on December 20, 1851, three weeks after President Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had proclaimed himself Emperor Napoleon III of the French. It was: "The passions of democracy are certainly not extinct in France . . . but those passions are not necessarily or constantly applied to the love of free institutions."

The *Times* was criticizing democracy as the basis of free institutions. The situation today can be stated in a paraphrase: the passionate desire for free institutions is certainly not extinct in France (or elsewhere in Western Europe) but that passion is not necessarily or constantly applied to the defense of the democratic process.

Charles de Gaulle's followers are swinging beyond the "classical Right" of nationalism toward attitudes strongly reminiscent of a recent and bad past: young bullies are breaking up meetings not only of Communists but of liberals, using clubs and shouting, "France for the French . . . dirty Jews . . . long live the Leader." It is also true that the neo-Nazis are gaining ground steadily in Western Germany; that Prince Valerio Borghese, who fought on the side of the Nazis, has become head of the Italian neo-Fascists; and that Benito Mussolini's old mouthpiece, *Il Popolo d'Italia,* has reappeared "to take up again the original program of the Duce and to adopt what was good in Fascism."

These men and their ideas stand against both democracy and free institutions. But the real danger to the democratic process that might develop in the absence of an American leader of the stature and commanding influence of Eisenhower comes from different men and ideas. No one could accuse the three outstanding proponents of Western European unity, Alcide de Gasperi, Konrad Adenauer, Robert Schuman, of being enemies of free institutions.

But all three have in common two elements of formative background that might make them—under foreseeable circumstances—less staunch bulwarks of freedom and unity within and through the democratic process. They are all not only practising Catholics, but faithful spokesmen of Vatican ideas of history and of political development. And they all had their formative training as Germans—or at least of what Adolf Hitler called the Volksdeutsch. Schuman was born a German subject when Metz in Lorraine was ruled by the Kaisers, and he was educated as a German. De Gasperi was born and educated as an Austrian. This does not mean of course that Schuman is not a patriotic Frenchman or that de Gasperi is not a patriotic Italian. Nor does it mean that they and Adenauer are not good Europeans. It does mean that when they are together they speak German and that they share, even more deeply, another common language—that of the Roman Catholic Church's moral ideas.

But Pope Pius XII has personally made clear on many recent occasions that moral ideas carry over into politics, and that laymen have not only the right but the duty to fight for the Church's political goals. These ideas are less closely associated with free institutions, but they are not opposed to them—so long as the interests of the Roman Catholic religion are not hurt. And, as for European unity, the first serious political drive toward it was the effort to create a "Christian Europe." The Church seems to believe that the movement toward "Christian Europe" now demands what is called the "reconciliation" within West Germany, Italy and France. It was to help such a "reconciliation"—which means bringing together *all* men, regardless of their past conduct or present views—that Archbishop Feltin of Paris celebrated a mass in honor of the late Marshal Philippe Petain. It is also to achieve this end that such men as Jesuit Father Lombardi, Dominican Father Morlion and Luigi Geddi of Catholic Action, are working hard in Italy.

The Vatican's official newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, described a ceremony which took place recently in the great hall of the Angelicum in Rome. It was the solemn opening of the fourth academic year of the Vatican's international university *Pro Deo*. Those present included not only cardinals, other prelates and diplomats, but major Italian political figures. The chief speaker extolled the "conciliation" between the Roman Catholic Church and the Italian Fascist Government worked out by Cardinal Gasparri and Mussolini, with the help of Jesuit Father Tacchi-Venturi, and made a strong plea for "reconciliation" now of "all the truly national forces" of Italy. He praised the "social" goals of Fascism, and said that the war of the Axis was a "crusade" against Communism.

All this was not surprising since the speaker was Gioacchino Volpe, author of *The Historical Development of Fascism*, Mussolini's favorite historian and a man whom the neo-Fascists call "one of the geniuses of the twentieth century." The Church's formula for "reconciliation" resembles Francisco Franco's professed willingness to welcome "all those who do not have blood on their hands," except that in Italy, France and Germany blood washes off more easily.

European democrats hope, therefore, that if Eisenhower must go, some other American will replace him to help maintain the link between European freedom and European democracy.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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AMERICAN CULTURE IN BRITAIN

by David Daiches

LAST SUMMER I was cycling in the Northwest of Scotland with my son, and finding ourselves one wet evening in Fort William, we decided (it was really my son's decision) to go to the local "picture house" for entertainment. Though the evening was wet, it was warm and not unpleasant, with that softness in the air one gets so often in the West, and most people, including the summer visitors, seemed to prefer to stroll about the streets rather than enter the somewhat dowdy picture house. Only a handful of people had decided to "go to the picture" that evening: they were mostly shabby-looking girls in their late teens or early twenties. Few were accompanied by young men, and none that I could see was attractive enough to arouse male interest—casual male interest, anyway. It was easy to see the audience, because the lights were on when we came in, the show not yet having begun. A "sing-song" of sorts preceded the showing of the film, and a few score of shrill female voices accompanied dimly by the voice of an occasional lone, pimply male sang some five- or ten-year-old Tin Pan Alley songs with pathetic West Highland accents. The film was a third-rate Hollywood export of no conceivable merit.

While the girls were settling themselves in their seats, I overheard them talking among themselves about various male American movie stars and showing to each other copies of the British editions of a number of American movie magazines. Tin Pan Alley—the private lives of Hollywood stars—the worst kind of Hollywood film—cheap American film magazines—these spelled America to these unhappy girls; these fed their imagination, provided their dream world. American slang as represented by comic books was their idea of a truly expressive language, and worn-out sentimental croonings from America their notion of truly affecting music. And this in the capital of the West Highlands, a region which has given the world some of its finest folk songs, where the *ceilidh* and the musical gathering constitute an old and honored tradition, where the soft Gaelic accent illustrates to perfection the beauty of the spoken word—and where American visitors are discovering something of the beauty and the dignity of native Gaelic song traditions. (The other month on the BBC Allan Lomax produced a magnificent program of Scottish folk music, recorded in different parts of Scotland by native singers singing in traditional style.)

Is it inevitable that America should so consistently export its worst side, and that that side should so consistently appeal to the least intelligent and the more frustrated of the European public? For what I saw in Fort William is a European phenomenon, and one which explains the anti-Americanism of many thoughtful Europeans much more truly than any political differences. The kind of thing I saw in Fort William is infuriating to someone who, like myself, has a knowledge of and an affection for both countries. The commercialized vulgarities of American culture are sweeping through Britain, and being welcomed and imitated by the least intelligent and most ignorant section of the population.

It is not enough to point, in contrast, to the new study of American history in British secondary schools, to the increasing respect in which American literature is held by British universities (witness the new honors program in American literature recently set up by the Department of English at King's College, University of London), to the admiration for American scholars and scientists and technicians felt in many serious quarters over here, to the admirable programs on American music and literature broadcast at intervals over the BBC's Third Program. All this is, of course, to be welcomed, but its force is imperceptible beside the great wave of debased Americanism that is hitting the British public. The piles of American comic books (duly provided through London distributors) to be seen on the stalls of the Cambridge Market, looking very odd indeed beside the antiques and the second-hand books on the one side and the fruit and vegetables on the other, indicate a greater influence on British ways of thinking than the fact that the revival of Scott Fitzgerald has now spread to this country or that the American "new critics" are being passionately discussed at some British universities.

Some of the American influences are harmless enough, though as a regionalist and a believer, within limits, in cultural decentralization I deplore the arrival of American folkways at a Scottish country town or an East Anglian village just as I have always deplored the fake imitators of English or Scottish folkways in American towns. A way of life and of speech should be indigenous to its district and a natural growth of the conditions peculiar to that district, and it is the lack of this organic aspect that makes imitation Americanism in the behavior of British lads of the village so offensive. I like to see

David Daiches, a native of Edinburgh, has ranged widely in his writing and teaching of literature. The subjects of his studies include Robert Burns, John Milton and Robert Louis Stevenson. He recently returned to Cambridge University after teaching in America at the University of Chicago and at Cornell.

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chips called "chips" in England and "French fries" in America, and I was not pleased when lunching in London the other day to find that on the menu "chips" had given way to "French fried potatoes." And I noticed without enthusiasm, when taking my children to the pantomime at the Palladium in London, that there was an "intermission" and not an "interval" between the acts.

The pantomime itself—that traditionally British form of Christmas entertainment—contained a number of popular American songs which sounded very strange when sung by the Principal Boy in her (he is always a girl) English stage accent and, what is more, contained references to American practices and customs quite unknown over here. The traditional comic schoolroom scene in the pantomime at the New Theatre, Cambridge, for example, included the not very fresh American song "An Apple for the Teacher," in spite of the fact that the title phrase and the practice to which it alludes are unknown in these islands.

But these are trivial matters when put beside the capturing of our less imaginative and less intelligent British youth by the debased kind of American culture that seems to be used so freely for export. Europe is gradually being reduced to a low colonial status *vis-à-vis* America, speaking a kind of *babu* American which is laughed at by those who know the real thing and yet is indulged in proudly by its practitioners as representing the new world, "the wave of the future." The most distressing thing about all this is that the ideal vision of America which appeals to these people is not even a debased version of the true American dream, but bears no relation to it at all. Jefferson's America or Lincoln's America or Whitman's America or even Carl Sandburg's America represent visions wholly unknown to them, as is the humanitarian ideal underlying the American liberal tradition in all its aspects. It is American toughness, breeziness, cocksureness and violence that they admire, the America of the comic books combined with the most superficial side of Hollywood and the boastings of the less literate American soldiers. The small businessman struggling to keep himself solvent in a half-socialist economy thinks of America wishfully as the land where arrogance always gets ahead, where the individual, if he is tough and violent enough, can always beat the government and make himself independent of any social control. To the empty-headed débutante America represents glamor, luxury and no rationing. To the frustrated and sloppy-minded teen-ager the very thought of America is a potent drug: it would surprise Americans to learn to what an extent dope-peddling is rife among European teen-agers today, with this debased notion of America as the dope. They would be surprised and chagrined, too, to learn that on the whole those British who desire to emigrate to America today are those whom their country could most easily spare.

I am sure that the French outcry against Coca-Cola arose in large measure from anger at what this debased notion of America is doing to so many thoughtless people, especially young people. The people who ought to be really angry, however, are not the British or the French, but the Americans, whose ideals and whose civilization are being so caricatured abroad. Individual Americans may be responsible for this, but surely America is not. And surely more thoughtful Americans ought to be aware of how they are misrepresented abroad and resent the picture of America which inspired, for example, those unhappy girls at Fort William. There is something unspeakably ugly and pathetic in a garish advertisement splashed across the window of a brash and tasteless clothing store on the edge of a slum, proclaiming "all American styles." The Voice of America—if it is the authentic voice of the America I still believe is the authentic America—has much more to say about the United States to these people than to the peoples behind the Iron Curtain. Perhaps the voice of the authentic America is a still, small voice, which cannot be heard, except by high-brow minorities, across the Atlantic Ocean.

It is difficult, and perhaps pointless, to try to fix the responsibility for this state of affairs. At least it might be said, however, that much popular thinking on this subject has got to be revised. The cheerful assumption that a laissez-faire free trade in ideas between the two countries will lead to mutual enlightenment is quite unfounded, as is the notion that the GI is automatically his country's best ambassador abroad. The GI is, indeed, largely responsible for the view of American culture that I have been describing, though not perhaps directly or consciously so. In a sense, European failure to understand what America is represents a failure on America's part to educate her own citizens properly. It is a rare GI who can give an adequate account of what his country does, in fact, stand for.

Whatever the cause, however, there can be no doubt about the fact, and of the urgency of the need for something to be done about it. It is for Americans to decide what is to be done; and I am sure that on this side of the Atlantic there will not be lacking men of good will to assist in whatever way they can in improving the quality of American cultural imports. A surprising number of us know what America has to offer and are only saddened to see how it compares with what is in fact offered in her name.

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GRAY MARKETEERS

by Jean Begeman

THE CURRENT steel shortage has brought about a rebirth of gray-market activities, according to a Senate Committee which has just completed hearings in the major steel centers of the Mid-West. The Senate Small Business Committee found that a considerable amount of steel is escaping from the normal channels of distribution and finding its way into the gray market where profiteers are doing a "flourishing business at the expense of small-business men." The effect of such a situation on small business in general and on the defense effort in particular is readily apparent.

In Detroit, the Committee found that personnel of the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue were in effect "fostering the gray market in steel" by engaging in steel transactions. Herman Golanty, a Detroit steel broker, paid two members of the Intelligence Unit—Joseph Weyn and Frank Cashman—$2,240, as a "finder's fee," for locating steel to be sold on the gray market.

"In every city," the report reveals, "while small-business men were testifying to their difficulties in obtaining steel . . . brokers spoke boastfully of their tremendous profits and fantastic deals." The Committee even heard bookies-turned-brokers tell of their exploits. "It was apparent that many of these individuals, with no business assets except a telephone and a desk, had parlayed hard-to-get steel into a multi-million-dollar business," the Committee said.

During the Chicago hearings, the Committee explored what it termed a typical "daisy chain" involving a shipment of 74,780 pounds of steel. Here, according to the report, is how it works:

Harry Phillips of the Ohio Valley Tool & Die Co., Steubenville, Ohio, purchased the steel from the Weirton Steel Co. and the Fort Pitt Steel Co. at prices ranging between $5.20 and $5.80 a hundredweight. He sold the steel to his brother, Matthew Phillips of the M. & E. Co. (New Cumberland, W. Va.), at $7.50 a hundredweight. Matthew sold it to a Pittsburgh broker, Isadore Forman, at $10. Forman sold it to the Martin Co. of Cleveland at $10.40. The person who bought it then turned around and sold a portion of the shipment in the name of Metal Associates at $10.50 to Emergency Steel Service of Skokie, Ill. Emergency finally sold the steel to an end-user, the Daisy Manufacturing Co. of Plymouth, Mich., at $10.95 a hundredweight plus 40 cents in phantom freight charges and "federal tax." Metal Associates sold the balance of the shipment to K. & G. Steel of Chicago at $11.10. K. & G. sold it to Aldan Steel at $11.25. Aldan sold it to Chevrolet-Indianapolis at $15.45.

Exploration of the links in this "daisy chain" threw additional light on the behind-the-scenes operations of the steel gray market. Isadore Forman, the Pittsburgh broker, told the Committee that he had formerly been in the contracting business, but two years ago had switched to the steel business. Sen. Blair Moody (D, Mich.) asked him how he happened to get into his new field. Well," said Forman, "I was a finder of materials hard to get."

"I see," Moody replied. "In other words, you heard that steel was scarce and expensive and so you went out and decided to get steel and sell it to other people at a profit, is that right?"

"Yes, sir," Forman admitted; "that is right."

Forman then testified that he did not have a warehouse, nor did he have any mill or warehouse sources for his steel. His sole source, he said, was the M. & E. Co. He was unable to say how much steel he had sold in 1951 but estimated his sales at around 200 or 300 tons at profits of from one to three cents a pound.

The Committee found that small manufacturing concerns have no monopoly on materials shortages—big business has its problems too. "Some of the giants of American industry are customers of the gray markets," the Committee report says. During its inquiry into the gray market in nickel, the Committee discovered that the General Electric Co. had been paying $4.50 a pound for nickel anodes which sold through normal sources at around 67 cents a pound. "In fact," according to Committee investigators, "it was found that large concerns, being better able to absorb the added cost of an occasional fling in the gray market, were competing with small companies for scarce materials and were thus further inflating the profits of the gray-market operators."

A case in point involved the organization and operation of the Oakman Manufacturing Company which, according to the Committee, "provided perhaps the most startling evidence of the clandestine ways of gray-market steel operators." Nathan and Harry Freedland, two brothers who own and operate the company, which makes metal stampings for such major manufacturers as Chrysler, US Rubber and Kaiser-Frazer, were called before the Committee. They said that their contract with Chrysler yields "about $3 to $4 million annually," but that metal stampings were not their only business. Their "other business" was the purchase and sale of steel in the gray market. They estimated that their combined opera-

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN LETTERS AND MEN OF LETTERS

by Maxwell Geismar

THIS VOLUME is the last section of what is surely a major work of literary criticism and history in our time. I know that it is unfashionable to say this along the *Partisan-Kenyon Review* axis or in the academic and literary circles of the so-called New Criticism.

THE CONFIDENT YEARS: 1885-1915, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton; $6).

But an independent mind can say no less; and I propose to say more.

The Confident Years opens with a panorama of the New York scene in the 1880s (Huneker, Edgar Saltus, Brander Matthews) and closes with a devastating analysis of T. S. Eliot's influence on American thought—one of the main features of the book which the reviewers are treating as a minor aberration on Brooks's part. The series as a whole now bears the general title *Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America*, and the volumes should be read in the following order: *The World of Washington Irving, The Flowering of New England, The Times of Melville and Whitman, New England: Indian Summer* and *The Confident Years*. On a purely quantitative basis this is an impressive achievement: a century of literary history that includes not only the major figures but hundreds of minor artists whom Brooks has dug up, placed in perspective and treated in an absolutely fresh vein.

As the real purpose and design of this epic have become clear, moreover, the faults, as in any large effort of the human spirit, are seen to be an integral part of the achievement. One can paraphrase what Brooks says here of Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, perhaps answering implicitly the most substantial criticism of the series: "But of what real importance were his judgments and opinions? What mattered was the unparalleled record that he left of a people and a phase of its civilization that was passing away." That has been Brooks's own purpose. He has written literary history rather than criticism, speaking strictly, and the history of a phase of our own civilization more than of individual artists or art forms. This gives support to the panoramic technique that is used in all the volumes; the sense that we get sometimes of pure pageantry, brilliant and picturesque, is simply the pageantry of the American mind when displayed in the manners and habits of its artists, the descriptions of their places, the thousand links of chance, coincidence or design that bound them together—as they never quite were, perhaps, but as they should have been, and as they are now.

The Confident Years is, in my view, one of the best of these volumes. As the series moves closer to the present, there is less worship of the past for the sake of the past, and the "judgments," which earlier were usually conveyed by the tone of the narrative, are more explicit. A large section of the book is concerned with literary movements in which Brooks himself was involved; the treatment of personalities like Mabel Dodge Luhan, Walter Lippmann, John Reed, Gertrude and Leo Stein is intimate, easy, less idyllic. There is a first-rate evaluation of both Edith Wharton's art and her society: "Her standard and scale were 'old New York,' but how far was that a superior world? All she could claim for it . . . was a pair of 'moral treasures' that she felt were lost—the 'social amenity' that will never be lost because it is too pleasant and the 'financial incorruptibility' one finds in any village store."

Brooks produces remarkable evocations of the literary centers at the end of the last century—Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco as well as New York—and of the regional literature which they represented. The theme of the volume is the emergence of the Western realists (London, Norris, Bierce and Dreiser, the master of the period) in revolt against New England's puritanism and gentility, and of the later writers who represented immigrant strains and cultural values. This also constituted a major cultural change in American life; and Brooks takes his stand clearly against both the "humanism" and purism of critics like Paul Elmer More, and the Nietzscheanism that was hardly a better substitute for H. L. Mencken and his followers. Indeed Brooks himself, as the historian who has restored and celebrated the Anglo-Saxon heritage in our letters, realizes most clearly its inadequacy in the new age. His attempt, as he says, has always been to recognize and use the past, not to return to it or preserve it in a state of rigor mortis. His stress on American values has been at the other extreme from chauvinism "in a day that was too late for parochial sovereignties, too late for race-conceit."

The Western tradition was the background for the Renascence of the 1920s, and there are shorter studies of Anderson, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, O'Neill, Faulkner and other members of the Younger Generation. It is appropriate that Brooks should end the series in that period, for it marked the point of maturity and the beginning of decline of the movement that started in the 1880s, though the writers themselves and their spokesmen were, in typical native fashion, largely ignorant of their own origins and history. The final chapters deal with "The Religion of Art," and those figures like Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot himself who were at once technical innovators and reversionary thinkers—if one can use this term for Pound's chaotic and fragmentary mind and Eliot's obeisance to gentility, pomp and social snobbery. It is curious

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that William Carlos Williams, in his recent autobiography, should have stressed the same theme: the harm that was done to a rich and fresh native art by the ascendancy of two poets whose sensibility was so far superior to their intellectual or moral values.

Brooks's survey makes us aware, at any rate, of how much we have lost since the 1920s in terms of a vital critical atmosphere and a concern for both a native art and the central values of American life itself—the source from which our writing as a whole must still come. And I will add my belief that the descent of Eliot's influence through such critics today as Allen Tate or Lionel Trilling will do nothing for our young writers except mislead them. This school of criticism, powerful, fashionable, above all "safe," is really a return in contemporary terms to a false classicism; even another Mencken, with all his faults, is preferable for younger writers to Eliot and Eliot's descendants with all their virtues—or should one say their mere lack of faults? In this sense *The Confident Years* is also a call to action as much as was Brooks's *America's Coming of Age* in 1915. Perhaps his historical sense is correct in assuming that the time is ripe for another kind of criticism. In any case he has spoken out with candor and courage when other voices of his generation have been timid or evasive, and nothing will add more to his final stature or be more pertinent to the present literary situation.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of Writers in Crisis *and* The Last of the Provincials. *The third volume in this series also deals with the the period around 1900 through studies of Crane, Norris, London, Ellen Glasgow and Dreiser.*

JEFFERSON IN HARNESS

JEFFERSON AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN, by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown; $6).

DUMAS MALONE'S first volume, *Jefferson the Virginian*, set new standards for biographers of great American statesmen and fixed, more clearly than one had been permitted to see before, the fine features of the youthful Jefferson. The climax was a scholarly and readable account of the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Those who read Volume One must have speculated on the difficulties of maintaining its high standards for the remaining four volumes. Volume Two is Malone's astonishingly persuasive answer, for it removes all doubts about the progress of this thorough and excellent work. That it is the definitive biography of Thomas Jefferson is established by its scholarship, by its graceful and cogent writing, by its courteous acknowledgements of indebtedness to other studies and, most of all, by its broad, humanistic understanding of Jeffersonian ideals.

The first half of the book presents an incomparable portrait of Jefferson as an eager advocate of the Enlightenment and an American diplomat in France, himself a *philosophe*, responsive to all fresh winds of doctrine in the seething capitals of Europe. The section comes to a close with the "visit" Jefferson paid to his home after an absence of more than five years—a visit that in fact became a permanent return. For as soon as this skilled American diplomat landed on native soil he found himself trapped (who would today contest the word?) as Secretary of State in the first administration of the new Republic.

The balance of *Jefferson and the Rights of Man* is devoted to Jefferson's initial experience of working loyally in support of Washington, whom he invariably found a great and good man, and with his colleagues for a government that had behind it the improved national powers conferred by the Constitution but a government that was unprecedented in the history of Western civilization.

The volume as a whole achieves a contrapuntal unity. The author first has the opportunity to test Jefferson's early beliefs in human freedom by the shock of experience in oppressive European monarchies. He is then able to watch the struggles of this liberal hero back home in daily harness, beset by the enmity of a powerful colleague whose concern to "administer" the government exceeded his devotion to the rights of man. Yet Jefferson found in himself the resources to strengthen his belief that the leaders of a democratic community must "forever bow down to the general reason of society." He predicted that this tide of self-government would "flow thro all time, gathering strength as it goes, and spreading the happy influence of reason and liberty over the face of the earth."

Many of the events in this period of Jefferson's life are roughly familiar. His delighted discovery of "the vaunted scene of Europe" has been "treated" in numerous biographies; and much, perhaps too much, has been made of his endorsement of the early phase of the French Revolution (in which he played a modest part) and of his subsequent fight with Hamilton, when the two men were daily pitted against each other in a cruel cockfight. It is Malone's achievement that he brings to these stereotyped events an entirely new quality. He offers an original, fair-minded and mature rethinking of Jefferson's interests, motives and acts, based on an exemplary examination of enormous collections of Jefferson manuscripts, state papers, contemporary newspapers and journals, and related correspondence. His responsibility for accurate and fresh material does not stop, however, with the requirements imposed by his complex protagonist. He does justice to the other actors in the drama, consulting their works and letters to obtain a first-hand impression of the probable nature of their interests and objectives. The gross facts that were tendered as a picture of Jefferson before are only emphatic points now in a smooth and rounded narrative that appraises *why* Jefferson believed as he did in his time and why others believed differently.

I would not imply that, great as are Malone's gifts at creative critical biography, no work remains to be done. Inevitably, there are phases of this dynamic subject that elude the biographer. For example: although Malone gives a better picture of Jefferson in Paris than has yet been offered the American public, one might desire something more in the way of close analysis of the nature of his intellectual interchanges on the rights of man with men like Condorcet, Thomas Paine, Dugald Stewart and the mysterious Dr. Gem, as well as others who constituted his circle of eminent friends. But the fact that one can now

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isolate such limited areas for further study is a telling mark of how well Malone has done his job. Before these volumes appeared, the whole of Jefferson's life and career required description and definition. ADRIENNE KOCH

BASIS OF POLICY

MASTER PLAN U.S.A., by John Fischer (Harper; $3).

THE TITLE is poor but the book is good. American foreign policy does not operate under a master plan worked out for every part of the globe. As John Fischer points out, our intervention in Korea was an ad-hoc decision, the vital raw-materials program has been sadly bungled, Point Four is little more than a sterile platitude, and in the Near East we have no discernible policy save Micawberish muddle. There are, however, four or five basic principles from which practical conclusions flow and which have guided our foreign-policy makers rather consistently. If they do not add up to a master plan, at least they refute the superficiality that "this country has no foreign policy."

The author does not propose panaceas or make any searching criticisms of the fundamentals of present policy, with which he finds himself in substantial agreement. Instead, he has written a brisk, fluent and enlightening report on how that policy is working. Western Europe, he finds, has been the scene of our greatest successes, even though much remains to be done in reorienting the cramped, cartelized economy of the Continent. He makes a good case for our present course with regard to Germany, effectively disputing Walter Lippmann's alluring thesis that a reunited Germany could be made into a kind of grand-scale Switzerland.

The two best chapters in the book are "Wanted: Revolutions Made in the U.S.A." and "China: Lost Forever?". In the first he scores the Truman Administration's failure to bring Point Four to life. "The weight of facts," he writes, "is so inescapable that they are certain, eventually, to break through the present inertia in Washington. In spite of the Administration's fumbling and Congress' temporary blindness, a really bold Point Four program will be launched sooner or later. The only question is: Will it come in time?"

In the chapter on China he urges us to liquidate the Chiang nonsense once and for all and turn Formosa over to the United Nations. He also comes out for the eventual recognition of Red China and her admission to the UN. One wishes the author had written the rest of the book with the passion and vigor he shows in these two chapters. If he had, it might have been a trifle less reasonable in tone but more exciting to read and therefore more widely read. Fischer, though never dull, does not speak up loudly enough to compete successfully with such prolonged screams as Freda Utley's *The China Story.*

Fischer adopts the conventional line that MacArthur did a great job and that Japanese democracy has a good chance to grow. It is true that Communism is no longer a menace in Japan, but what of old-style military dictatorship? (Descriptions of the promising seeds of democracy in Japan always remind me of the descriptions of Weimar Germany in 1925.) Japanese social reorganization was probably less thorough than it should have been and the peace treaty may well have been premature.

Master Plan U.S.A. breathes a note of dogged optimism. The author concludes with the hope that Russia may collapse through internal decay or revolution. This seems as groundless as a State Department speech on the Far East. Are mass revolutions any longer possible in technologically advanced, totalitarian societies? Would a palace revolution after Stalin's death significantly alter the structure of power inside the Soviet Union? Certainly, the murder of many generals and Old Bolsheviks in 1936-37 did not hamper Russia in World War II. Fischer might have been on safer ground if he had based his analysis on a firm foundation of despair.

Nevertheless, amid the smog of MacArthur-McCarthy arguments and the distracting gyrations of Senator Taft, *Master Plan U.S.A.* stands out as a persuasive statement of the sources, goals and humane aspirations of our liberal foreign policy. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

USA REVISITED

CHOSEN COUNTRY, by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin; $4).

THE CHRONIC division of opinion about John Dos Passos as a novelist is beautifully illustrated by contrasting the reviews of *Chosen Country* by Arthur Mizener in the New York *Times Book Review* (Sunday) and Orville Prescott in *Books of the Times* (daily). Mizener thought *Chosen Country* was "Dos Passos at his best, only better," while Prescott throught it "tedious, disorderly and unconvincing." The reasoning to these conclusions was also different. Mizener has lately offered a new and flattering reading of Dos Passos (in the *Saturday Review of Literature*), while Prescott despairs of fitting him onto a private Procrustean table which he calls "the fundamentals of fiction."

Driven to make a choice between these jousters, I would lean toward Mizener, not because I think Dos Passos entirely merits his high praise, but because I think Prescott will never understand writers of the Dos Passos type. He is emotionally out of tune with them.

Puzzling over Dos Passos' case—the case of a distinguished mind intensely dedicated to literature—I have come to the conclusion that his fundamental weakness is a persistent failure to reconcile the claims of fiction and the claims of the essay. Dos Passos writes novels with all too frequent lapses into the manner of an essayist; he writes essays as only a skilled fiction-writer can. In both instances the product has a fast-paced discursiveness rather than any notable depth. A Dos Passos novel usually covers a lot of ground, geographically, socially, ideologically, but it rarely plows any of the ground very deep. Is it not possible to sum it up by saying that Dos Passos' fiction is first-rate reportage produced under conditions of tranquillity rather than "hot off the griddle"? I don't think you can make great and durable fiction out of reportage, no matter how good.

If that is the case, where does Dos Passos' value come in? Up to *Chosen Country* it seems to me that we gave him high marks, not forgetting our enjoyment of his technical virtuosity and exuberance, because he enabled us to purge ourselves of the rather turgid emotions stirred up by obvious distortions and degradations of the fundamentally valid American tradition of what life should be.

Except in special cases, I don't think the alleged Marxism of *U.S.A.* was what readers chiefly got out of the book. They got the protest, not the pink pill that might cure the diseases specified. Few doubted that Dos Passos was a damned good American. To protest was as American a thing as one could do. Now in

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Chosen Country Dos Passos has written a long, characteristically discursive, but technically much quieter novel covering many miles of the earth's surface and a fairly lengthy span of time to show how a protesting type can choose the United States as his very own country "in spite of all." It is somewhat startling that Dos Passos felt so strongly about the point that he sat down and wrote a whole book about it. All this to make a tacit assumption explicit!

But is *Chosen Country* good? It is very good Dos Passos. People who have neglected him since he completed *U.S.A.* should find it to their taste. However, it won't set the Hudson on fire.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MUSIC: Halasz Gets the Ax

LASZLO HALASZ, a Hungarian refugee who had been struggling against insurmountable odds to build a permanent local opera company on the sandy cultural soil of St. Louis, was brought to New York in 1944 to serve as artistic director of an opera project at the City Center of Music and Drama. The new enterprise, known as the New York City Opera Company, was started at the instigation of Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia to give some semblance of civic purpose to the City Center, a combination theatre, ballroom and office building originally known as Mecca Temple, which fell into the hands of the city when its fraternal owners defaulted on their taxes.

The task confronting Halasz was an incredibly tough one. With nothing—literally nothing—except an empty theatre and an optimistic faith in the New York public, he managed to give a short season that very first spring. There were no funds to underwrite the construction or rehearsal of productions or to supplement box-office takings. But Halasz talked the St. Louis group into handing over its scenery and costumes, and persuaded such young singers as Mack Harrell and Dorothy Kirsten, who wanted operatic experience, to sing for pin money.

From this shoestring beginning Halasz had developed by 1951 a company that performed for 16 weeks in spring and fall seasons in New York, toured to Chicago, Detroit and other cities in the Middle West, and enjoyed an international reputation. At prices half those of the Metropolitan, the New York City Opera was a genuine people's opera, patronized by a new audience of people who could not afford the steep tariffs ($7.50 top) of the Met. It had also attained great prestige from its adventurous, and often astonishingly successful, experiments with new and little-known works and with modern methods of staging. In the fall of 1951, an American opera, David Tamkin's *The Dybbuk*, received its world première. Wolf-Ferrari's comic opera *I Quattro Rusteghi* was performed for the first time in America, staged by Otto Erhardt, whose other assignments are at two of the world's leading opera houses—La Scala in Milan and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. The repertory included, in addition to the expected *Traviata, Bohème, Carmen* and the like, such diverse specialties as *Die Meistersinger, Der Rosenkavalier, Manon, The Tales of Hoffmann* and *The Love for Three Oranges.*

Five days after his return from the Midwestern tour, just before Christmas, Halasz was dismissed by the board of the City Center. No public charge was made against him. Newbold Morris, chairman of the board, explained that the action was taken "in the best interests of the opera company."

Halasz refused to concede that the board had a right to fire him: his contract runs until December 31, 1952, with the stipulation that none of the productions given in 1950 and 1951 may be presented by the company in 1952 under any other musical director. Turning down the board's offer of a $12,000 cash settlement, Halasz asserted that he would not "sell the truth," and engaged Milton Pollack, a trial lawyer, to prepare a suit against the board. Meanwhile Jean Morel, the company's capable French conductor, resigned in protest, and 45 members of the company sent the board letters or telegrams supporting Halasz. Joseph Rosenstock, the company's German conductor, sat tight; he was named director of the forthcoming spring season.

Despite the stony silence of the board, there was little mystery about the situation. A dissident minority in the company won the ear of an influential member of the board with charges that Halasz had used bad language and had kept singers dangling by deciding only at the last moment who was to appear in the premières of the new productions. Hyman Faine, secretary of the American Guild of Musical Artists, the singers' union, added fuel to the fire by informing the board—in an action many City Center AGMA members said they did not know about—that his organization would not deal directly with Halasz in future contract negotiations.

And so Halasz was kicked out the door, with no chance to defend himself, since no specific charges were made and no public hearing was held. The story is not finished, but up to the present it shows the board in an unflattering light. Although the board is technically a private, self-supporting group, the City Center is in all its implications a civic institution, and the public that supports the opera is entitled to ask why the project has been deprived of the man whose energy and acumen made it possible.

This is a new, super-McCarthyan type of career assassination, in which a man is run out of office for reasons that are never publicly stated. It is hard to imagine that Halasz, in nearly eight years of temperamental struggle, ever committed an act that departed so far from moral justice.

The New York Music Critics Circle met recently to decide upon its annual awards for the best new music performed in New York during 1951. The circle consists of 36 newspaper and magazine reviewers, young and old, conservative and radical, scholarly and journalistic. Awards were given in four categories. In symphonic music the choice went—on the fourth ballot, in voting in which

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symphonies by Arthur Honegger and William Schuman were strong rivals—to Howard Swanson's *Short Symphony*. Swanson's victory was notable for two reasons: he is the first Negro to win a national award for a large work; and his symphony won in a field that was broadened this year for the first time to include works by foreign as well as American-born composers. The other winning pieces were Bohuslav Martinu's delightful one-act opera *Comedy on the Bridge*; Schuman's score for Martha Graham's solo dance *Judith*; and (in the field of choral music) Benjamin Britten's *Spring Symphony*. A special citation was given jointly to NBC and Gian-Carlo Menotti for their initiative in producing *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, the first opera ever written for television.

The Menotti opera, broadcast on Christmas Eve, was a prodigious success. Its artless story of a crippled boy who gives his crutch to the Three Kings as a present for the Christ Child is told with restrained sentiment that seems always genuine. The music remains within the understanding of the mass audience, but it has real quality, and some of the Italian folk-music touches are extraordinarily lovely. The most remarkable aspect of the piece, however, is the ease and spontaneity with which Menotti functions within the idiom of television, both as musician and as dramatist. *Amahl and the Night Visitors* is as right for its audience as Verdi's *Aïda* was for its, and as healthy artistically. Thanks to Menotti, television briefly came of age on Christmas Eve.

From its vast archives, RCA Victor has rescued and released on three LP discs a definitive performance of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, recorded before the war by artists of the Paris Opera-Comique. Under the direction of Roger Desormière, considered in France to be the best interpreter of the elusive, evanescent score, the playing and singing are a miracle of style and sensibility. The notable cast includes Irène Joachim, Jacques Jansen, Etcheverry, and Paul Cabanel.

The early history of American music is set forth in a series called Music in America, issued by New Records, Inc. Under the editorship of Carleton Sprague Smith, music librarian of the New York Public Library, the first nine records released offer colonial instrumental music (notably a set of six string quartets by a Moravian composer named Johann Friedrich Peter), Protestant and Catholic religious music, and some rather drearily authentic folk songs. These records prove that America was, if not a major oasis, at least not a musical desert in the eighteenth century.

CECIL SMITH

MOVIES: Hooray for US!

If Congress will quick pass a law forbidding the export of *It's a Big Country*, we can all relax and enjoy the spectacle of Dore Schary and his minions trying to sell America to the Americans. This exercise, which will be loudly applauded by the patrioteer groups for whom it was undertaken, has its funny side, but the picture will likely as not pop up in Liverpool or Munich, Cairo or Athens, and that's no joke. Schary is working at a level of tipsy complacence calculated to make a foreigner pull the beard of the first American he meets in the street.

The picture consists of a prologue and seven episodes. Seven top directors, who shall be nameless here, contribute their talents (you don't say no to Mr. Schary) and a spot has been found for every M-G-M star unlucky enough to be on the lot while the boss was casting. The pageant opens with a shot of the Presidential heads on Mount Rushmore and cuts to a view of the Statue of Liberty while a voice (Louis Calhern's, at a guess) rubs its hands and says, "Yes sir, folks, its a b-i-i-i-g country." This commercial is re-introduced at intervals throughout the picture. Are any readers under the ludicrous misapprehension that the United States is a small country? Schary will set them straight.

Five of the episodes are little dramas, one is a newsreel compilation, one is a monologue by Gary Cooper, whose sly remarks about Texas have the sparkle of cold grease. Ethel Barrymore is discovered playing a simple old Irish woman who has been forgotten by the census takers. Her interpretation of humble worth has curiously imperious overtones, but it so moves a couple of Boston newspapermen that they phone Harry Truman long distance. That old lady gets counted in spades.

The newsreel is about how Negroes can do anything a white can do. It shows massed shots of all-Negro companies of soldiers, sailors and flyers; also Negro artists and entertainers, scientists, athletes, businessmen, the bust of Booker T. Washington, and Ralph Bunche. This "tribute" is the most painful section of the picture, but it is matched briefly in a later religious episode when the approach of Franklin D. Roosevelt is announced by a sound of clanking metal, as though it were the ghost of Marley that drew near.

One chapter—about a Hungarian paprika merchant (S. Z. Sakall) who hates Greeks and whose many daughters all fall in love with Greeks—shows the melting pot in action; another recounts the education of a temperamental Italian (Fredric March) who won't permit his little boy to wear glasses. It is interesting that of the three obviously foreign-born main characters in the stories, one is an addled old lady and two are buffoons. There is an item in which a pleasant Jewish boy cures a virulent case of anti-Semitism by his bright smile and sympathetic manner to a bereaved Gentile mother. William Powell appears in the prologue. He looks to be in fine health and it would be pleasant to see him in a picture again.

John Houseman, who produced it, and his director, Nicholas Ray, were apparently serious about *On Dangerous Ground*, but it is difficult from the result to say just what they had in mind. The story centers upon the experiences of a big-town cop (Robert Ryan) whose way

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with petty criminals is so excessively harsh that he has to be sent to the country for a bit until public indignation cools. Out beyond the end of the sidewalk he runs into the classic rural tragedy: a school girl has been raped and murdered and her father (Ward Bond) is gunning for the villain, a mental defective who is being protected by his blind sister (Ida Lupino). Ryan attempts to capture the boy alive but is hampered in his work by Bond's tendency to let fly with his shotgun at anything that moves. Eventually the rapist falls off a cliff, thus removing Bond's motive, and Ryan, having teamed up with the blind heroine, is able to take a more detached view of town hoodlums.

All this is presented soberly—at times it is photographed in a mood of gray honesty that is beautiful; the actors work hard and often to good effect, and the picture resorts to none of the tricks and mannerisms of commercial melodrama. So I say it must be seriously intended. But the plot, starting off like *Detective Story* and ending up like *Cold Comfort Farm*, is so improbable, the dialogue so ludicrously hollow, the characterizations so abortive, that the film gets nowhere. Set it down as an honest failure.

The English project of committing the nation's household classics one by one to film has come a cropper with *Tom Brown's School Days*. It is conceivable, though not probable, that good acting might have made passable entertainment out of this stilted tale of fagging, birching, roasting and excessive juvenile manliness; this version is miserably acted. John Howard Davies is the same fine little Victorian gentleman he was when Fagin was teaching him tricks with pocketbooks. He casts a liquid eye, tosses a prodigious mop of hair and speaks up in a sturdy squeak, but it takes more than that to carry a picture. Robert Newton, also lately of the *Oliver Twist* company, seems nonplused in the pious role of Dr. Arnold; John Forrest, as the villainous bully, is a youthful scenery chewer, and the rest of the cast runs about the ivied purlieus of Rugby (exteriors guaranteed authentic) like a flock of starlings. ROBERT HATCH

GRAY MARKETEERS

(*Continued from page 17*)

tions would gross about $8 million in 1951 and would net them close to $270,000. A study of the operations of the Freedland brothers showed that they would receive steel, presumably for metal stamping, from some of the largest mills and warehouses in the Detroit area, purchased at prices ranging around $7 a hundredweight. The same steel was being resold by the brothers through dummy companies to end-users at prices ranging as high as $18.75 a hundredweight. The end-users included the Chrysler Corporation and the Hudson Motor Car Company.

The investigating committee, headed by Sen. John Sparkman (D, Ala.), received hundreds of complaints from small businessmen telling of their inability to get steel; many of them fitted the same pattern. Frequently they would receive telephone calls and circulars from so-called steel brokers offering hard-to-get steel for sale. More often than not, the small businessman, if he responded, would find that the steel was for sale at prices far in excess of normal, and he would be faced with the alternative of paying the price or closing his plant.

Bernard M. Bauer of the Advance Plating Co. of Detroit, a small business, told the Committee that he had been forced to shut down one of his plants and dismiss more than half of his 150 employees because he could not obtain nickel. He had, of course, received numerous offers from brokers who had nickel anodes for sale at prices up to $4.50 a pound—the price he normally paid was 67 cents a pound.

The Senate Committee is hopeful that steel prices in the gray market are on the decline. The new Office of Price Stabilization Regulation 98, establishing a reseller's ceiling price, will cut down much of the gray-market traffic. However, the Committee urges the steel industry itself, particularly mills and warehouses, to be more vigilant. Unless the new regulation works satisfactorily, the Committee intends to recommend additional legislation designed to stamp out gray marketeers.

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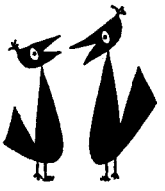

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